

SPAWN



Capullo
92

D.:

123



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

salvation road - part III

DEDICATED TO
PETER BIERSTEDT

PLOT
TODD McFARLANE
BRIAN HOLGUIN

STORY
BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS
ANGEL MEDINA

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SPAWN 122 SUMMARY

While relishing the simple joys of everyday life, vague memories persist as Al tries to assemble the disparate pieces of his past life. Elsewhere, in a small apartment, a young Wiccan named Nyx senses that the man with no shadow needs her help. As detectives try to unravel the mystery of how a man alone in a locked cell could be skinned alive, the mention of Wanda's name suddenly gets Twitch's attention. Meanwhile, Al discovers that, sometimes, there's good reason to be afraid of your own shadow.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS



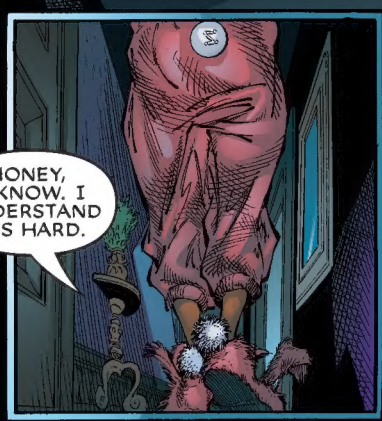
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IT NEVER ENDS.

HONEY, I KNOW. I UNDERSTAND IT'S HARD.



WHY CAN'T HE JUST LEAVE US ALONE?



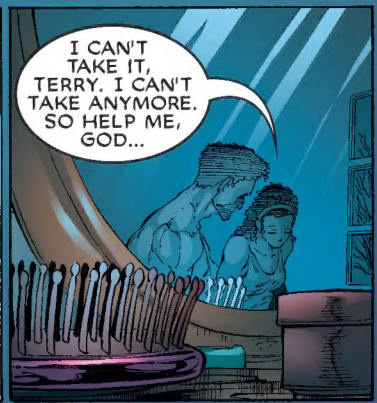
HE'S BEEN DEAD TEN YEARS AND HE'S STILL HAUNTING ME.



I KNOW, WANDA. THIS IS SOME CRAZY, MESSED-UP STUFF. BUT IT'S NOT ABOUT US, OKAY?



I KNOW IT'S HARD, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO TRY AND LET IT GO.



I CAN'T TAKE IT, TERRY. I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE. SO HELP ME, GOD...



I WISH AL SIMMONS WAS NEVER BORN.



MOMMY...



WHY ARE YOU CRYING?



OH...
MY...
GOD!

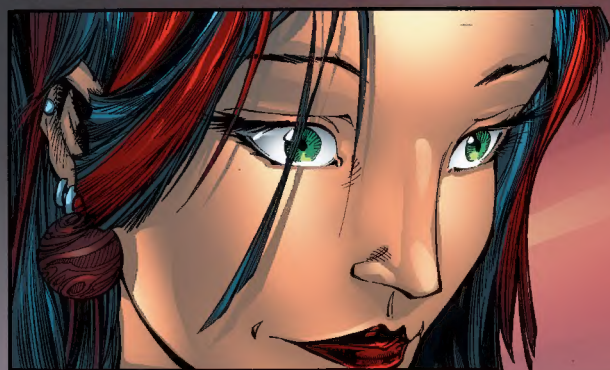


THIS IS
FANTASTIC!



THANK YOU.
THANK YOU SO
MUCH. NYX, YOU
MUST BE SOME
KIND OF AN
ANGEL.

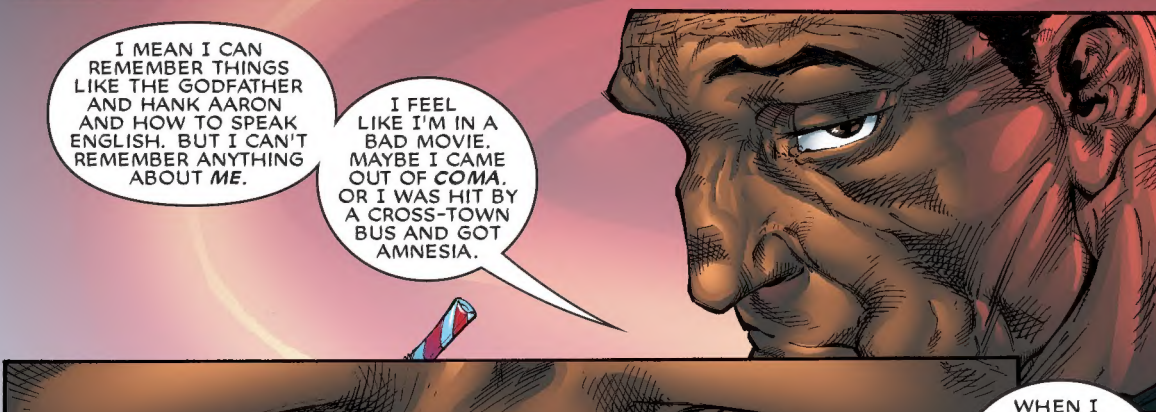
ON MY
BETTER DAYS,
PERHAPS.



YOU'VE
HAD A ROUGH
COUPLE OF
NIGHTS, AL. YOU
DESERVE A NICE
MEAL. AND A
SYMPATHETIC
EAR.

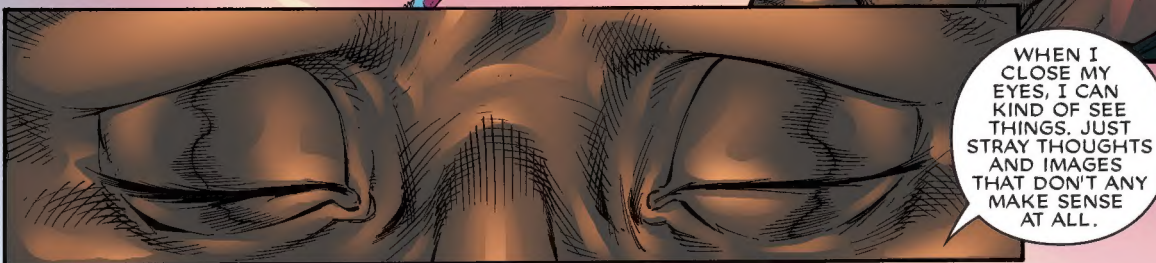
STILL CAN'T
REMEMBER
ANYTHING?

NO. NOT
REALLY.



I MEAN I CAN
REMEMBER THINGS
LIKE THE GODFATHER
AND HANK AARON
AND HOW TO SPEAK
ENGLISH. BUT I CAN'T
REMEMBER ANYTHING
ABOUT ME.

I FEEL
LIKE I'M IN A
BAD MOVIE.
MAYBE I CAME
OUT OF COMA.
OR I WAS HIT BY
A CROSS-TOWN
BUS AND GOT
AMNESIA.



WHEN I
CLOSE MY
EYES, I CAN
KIND OF SEE
THINGS. JUST
STRAY THOUGHTS
AND IMAGES
THAT DON'T ANY
MAKE SENSE
AT ALL.



HELL,
MAYBE I TOOK
A LOT OF *DRUGS*.
BELIEVE ME,
THERE'S SOME
REALLY *WEIRD*
STUFF INSIDE
MY HEAD.



I'M PRETTY
SURE IT'S MORE
COMPLEX THAN
THAT.

I'M
NOT GOING TO
PRETEND TO HAVE
ALL THE ANSWERS.
BUT I DO HAVE A
CERTAIN *SENSITIVITY*
ABOUT THESE
THINGS.



SOMETHING WAS DONE TO YOU. SOMETHING WAS *STOLEN*. TAKEN FROM YOU. AND IT'S LEFT YOU INCOMPLETE.

I WANT TO HELP YOU PUT THINGS BACK TOGETHER.



BUT WHY? WHY WOULD SOMEONE... I MEAN, WHY ME?

I CAN'T SAY FOR SURE. I THINK YOU MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEONE *IMPORTANT*. OR SOMEONE VERY *DANGEROUS*.

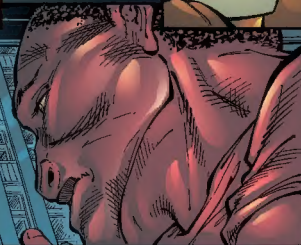
WOW.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. WE'LL WORK IT OUT. THING IS, THE PART THAT WAS *STOLEN*, THE THING THAT'S *MISSING*...

IT WANTS TO BE WITH YOU AGAIN.

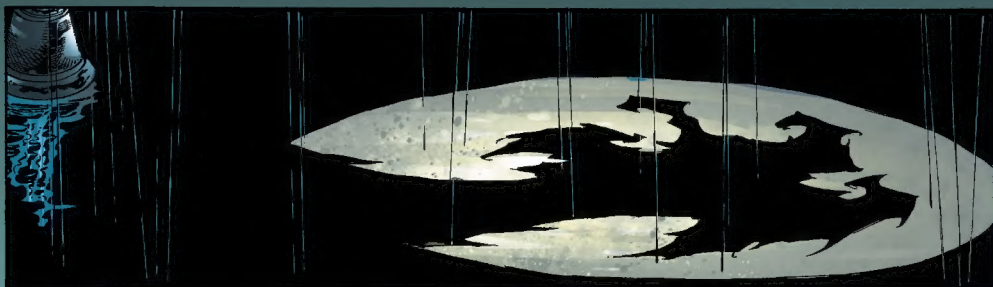
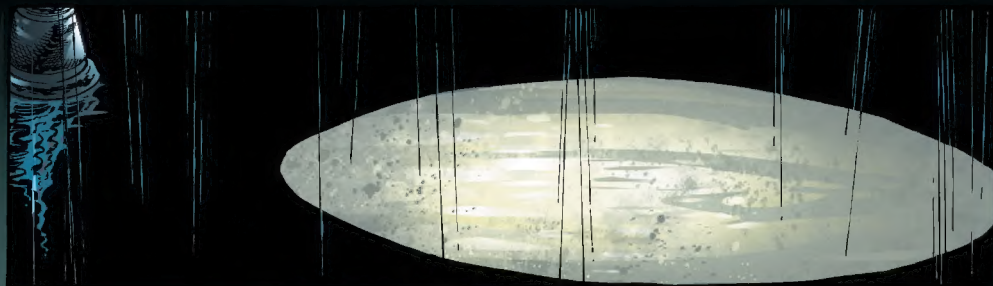
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



I'LL EXPLAIN LATER. FOR NOW, LET ME TAKE YOU BACK TO MY PLACE.

YOU NEED A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE *CLOTHES*.





WE
HAVE A
LOT OF
QUESTIONS
FOR YOU,
WYNN.

WHY
WOULD
ANYONE WANT
TO STEAL THE
BODY OF
A DEAD
OPERATIVE?

HOW
EXACTLY DID
SIMMONS
DIE?

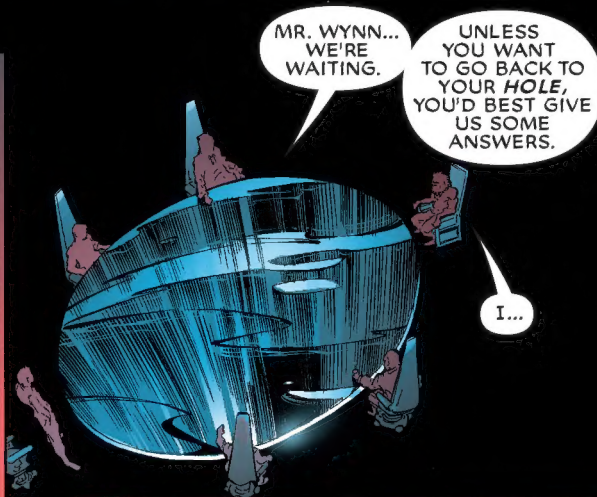
WERE YOU
HIDING
SOMETHING?

SIMMONS...?

THE FILES ARE
CONSPICUOUSLY
INCOMPLETE.

YES,
WHY IS
THAT?

DID
YOU BURY
SOMETHING
WITH
HIM?



JUST TELL
THEM THE
TRUTH!



TELL
THEM THAT
AL SIMMONS IS A
MONSTER
RETURNED FROM
THE DEAD. TELL
THEM HE'S A
**SOLDIER FROM
HELL...**

TRUST
ME! THE
TRUTH WILL
SET YOU
FREE!

ARE YOU
KIDDIN' ME
WITH THIS CRAP?
THEY ALREADY THINK
YOU'RE NUTTIER
THAN SQUIRREL
DUNG!

TRUST
ME! YOU
WANT TO
PLAY THIS
ONE CLOSE
TO THE
VEST.

STOP IT!
STOP IT!
STOP IT!

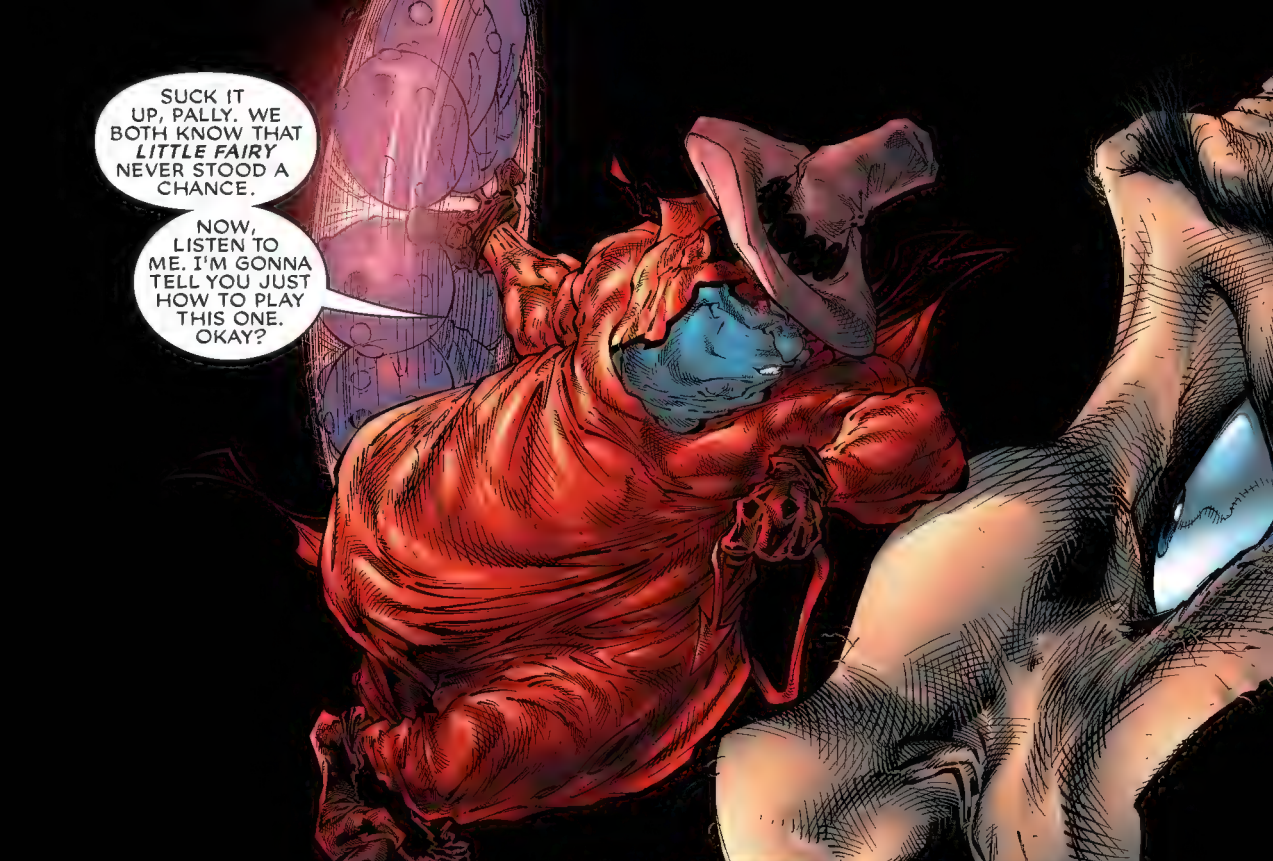


TRUTH!



LIE!



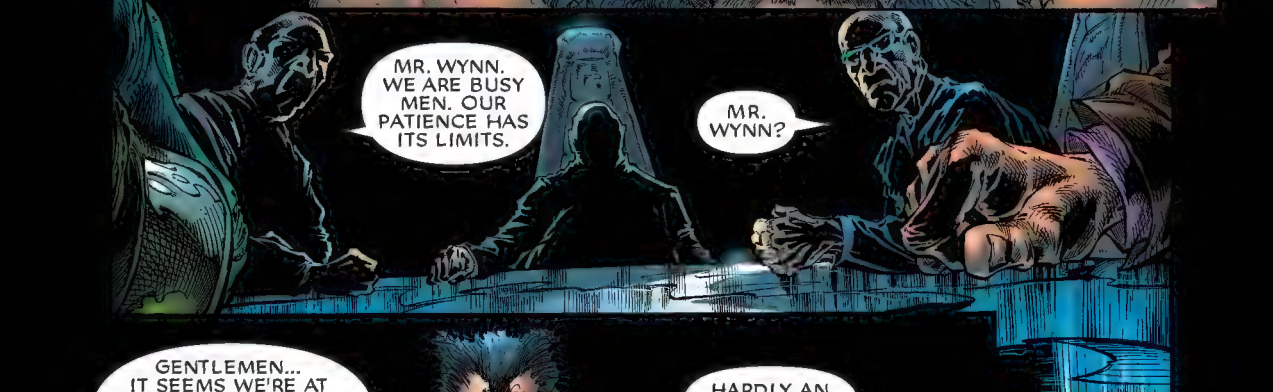


SUCK IT
UP, PALLY. WE
BOTH KNOW THAT
LITTLE FAIRY
NEVER STOOD A
CHANCE.

NOW,
LISTEN TO
ME. I'M GONNA
TELL YOU JUST
HOW TO PLAY
THIS ONE.
OKAY?




OKAY.




MR. WYNN.
WE ARE BUSY
MEN. OUR
PATIENCE HAS
ITS LIMITS.

MR.
WYNN?




GENTLEMEN...
IT SEEMS WE'RE AT
AN IMPASSE. I GIVE YOU
WHAT YOU WANT AND
YOU THROW ME BACK
IN THAT HORRID
LITTLE CELL.

HARDLY AN
INCENTIVE TO
COOPERATE.



WHAT ARE
YOU GETTING
AT, WYNN? YOU'RE
NOT IN A POSITION
TO NEGOTIATE.

OH...
I THINK I
AM.



THE
INFORMATION
YOU WANT ISN'T
IN THE FILES BECAUSE
I DID NOT PUT IT
THERE. I AM IN **SOLE
POSSESSION** OF
THOSE FACTS. THOSE
FACTS AND MANY
OTHERS.

NOW,
I'M MORE
THAN WILLING
TO COOPERATE,
BUT I EXPECT
SOME
CONSIDERATION
IN RETURN.
GRAB A PEN.
YOU WANT TO
**WRITE THIS
DOWN.**

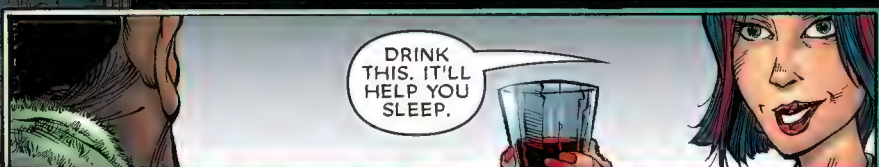
FIRST,
I WANT A
LONG, HOT
SHOWER IN
PRIVATE.

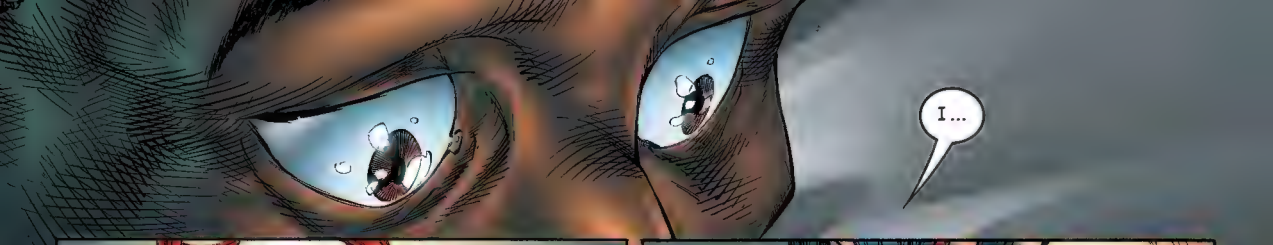
SECOND,
I WOULD
LIKE SOME
CLEAN,
WELL-MADE
CLOTHES.

THEN
I WOULD
LIKE TO SIT IN
A COMFORTABLE
CHAIR AND ENJOY
AN AGREEABLE
MEAL.

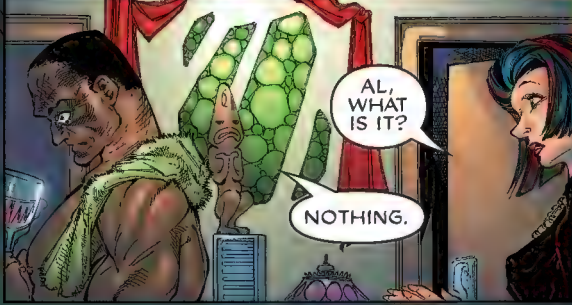
AND THEN,
WHEN I'VE
FINISHED...

THEN I
WANT A
LAWYER.



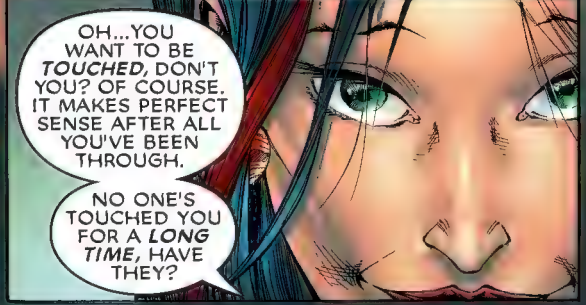


I...



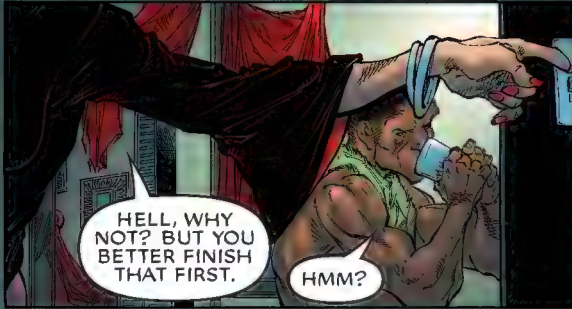
AL, WHAT IS IT?

NOTHING.



OH...YOU WANT TO BE **TOUCHED**, DON'T YOU? OF COURSE. IT MAKES PERFECT SENSE AFTER ALL YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH.

NO ONE'S TOUCHED YOU FOR A LONG TIME, HAVE THEY?



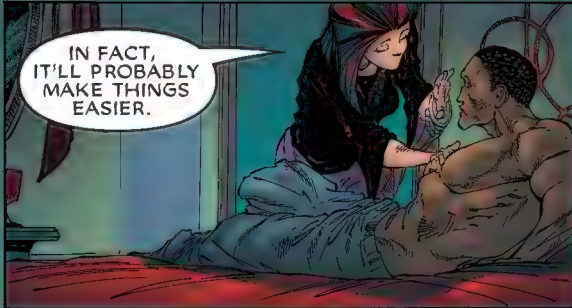
HELL, WHY NOT? BUT YOU BETTER FINISH THAT FIRST.

HMM?

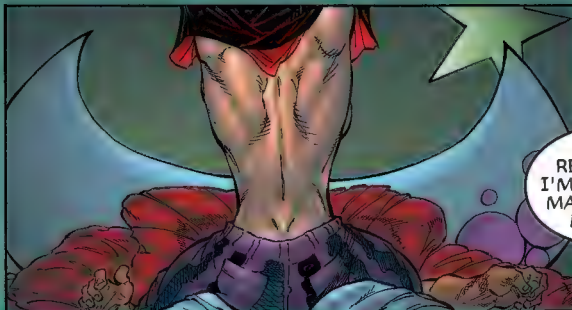


NYX, I'M SORRY. I HONESTLY DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY...

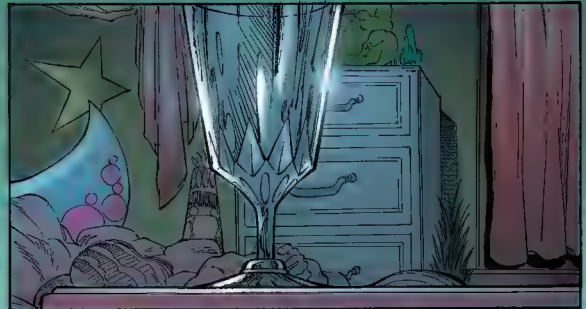
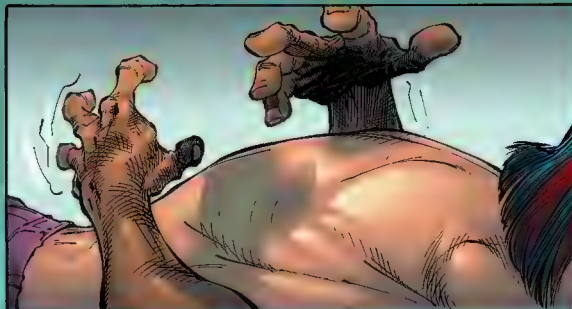
IT'S OKAY. THERE'S NO **SHAME** HERE.

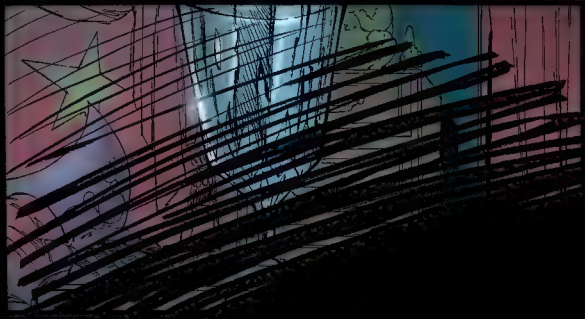


IN FACT, IT'LL PROBABLY MAKE THINGS EASIER.



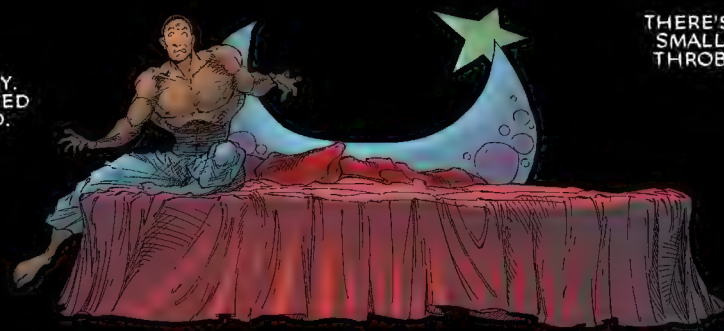
JUST RELAX, AL. I'M GOING TO MAKE IT ALL **BETTER**.





THE TUG OF THE
MOON PULLS MY
EYES OPEN.

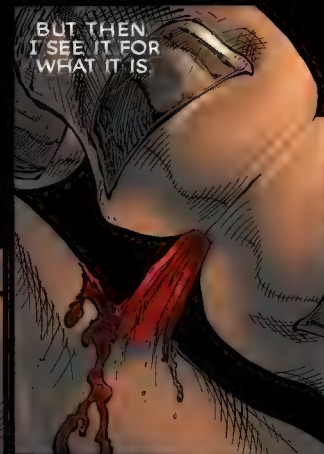
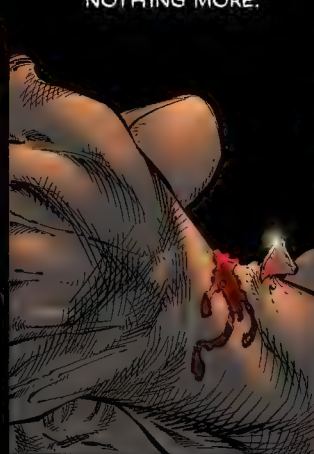
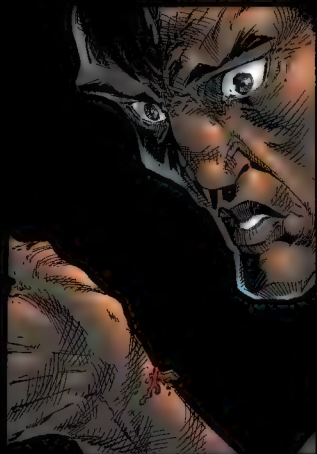
MOUTH DRY.
HEAD STUFFED
WITH SAND.



THERE'S PAIN.
SMALL, BUT
THROBBING.

I ASSUME IT'S
NOTHING.

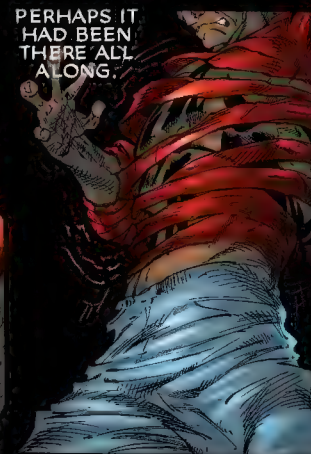
A LITTLE SNAG,
NOTHING MORE.



BUT THEN
I SEE IT FOR
WHAT IT IS



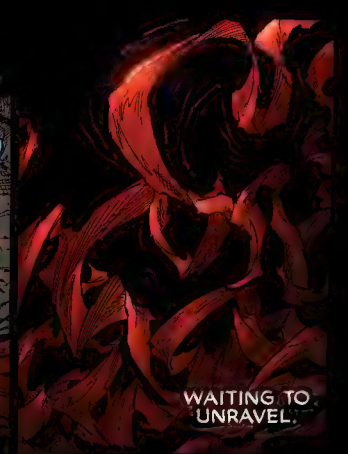
A
FATAL
FLAW.



PERHAPS IT
HAD BEEN
THERE ALL
ALONG.



JUST WAITING
FOR ME TO
TUG AT IT.



WAITING TO
UNRAVEL.

I SLOUGH OFF
THE PAST LIKE
OLD, DEAD SKIN.
THEN I SEE IT.

THE UGLY
UNDERNEATH.

DEEP
INSIDE,
AT MY
CORE.
THIS IS
WHAT
I AM.

IT HAD
BEEN THERE
ALL ALONG.





NEW BORN.
A MOTH WITH
FRAIL, DAMP
WINGS.

BUT THEN
I MOVE,
SPURRED
BY THE
NIGHT.

THESE WILD
APPENDAGES, THESE
CHAINS FORGED BY
MY OWN HAND...

THEY
COME
ALIVE.

THEY DANCE
AND FLAIL AND
REACH BEYOND
THE DARK
HORIZON.

CRIMSON
MOTH-
WINGS
BILLOW,
SPREAD
LIKE BLOOD
IN DARK
WATERS.

I WANT TO
SCREAM.



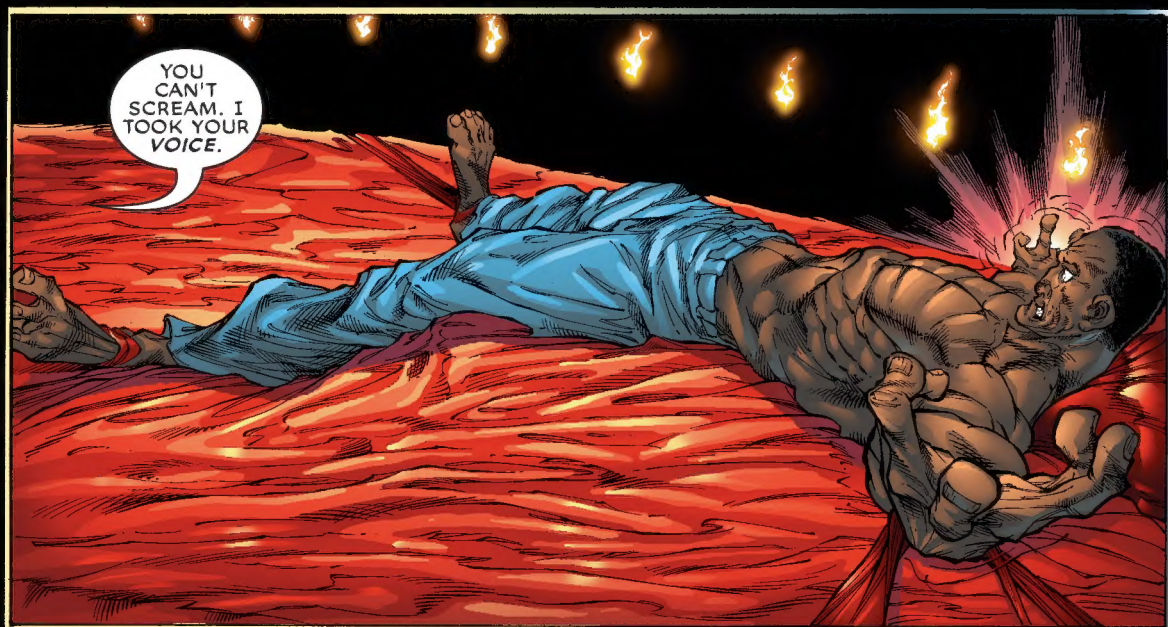
I WANT TO
SCREAM.

BUT I
CAN'T.

GOOD.
YOU'RE
AWAKE. I
WAS GETTING
ANXIOUS.

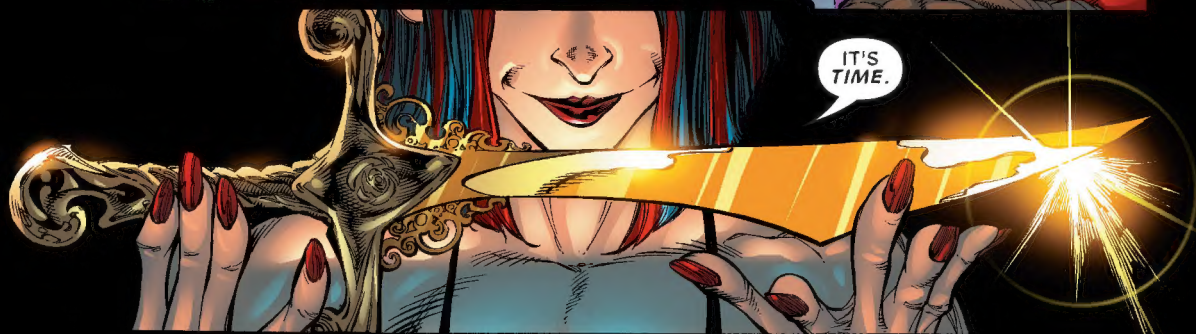
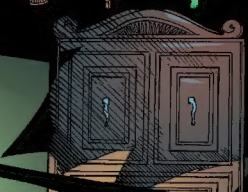
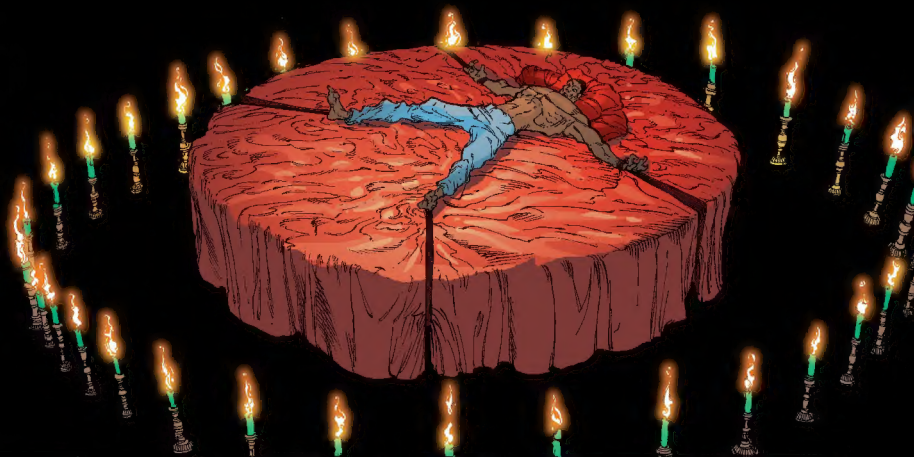
I FEEL
LIKE
WENDY
IN PETER
PAN.

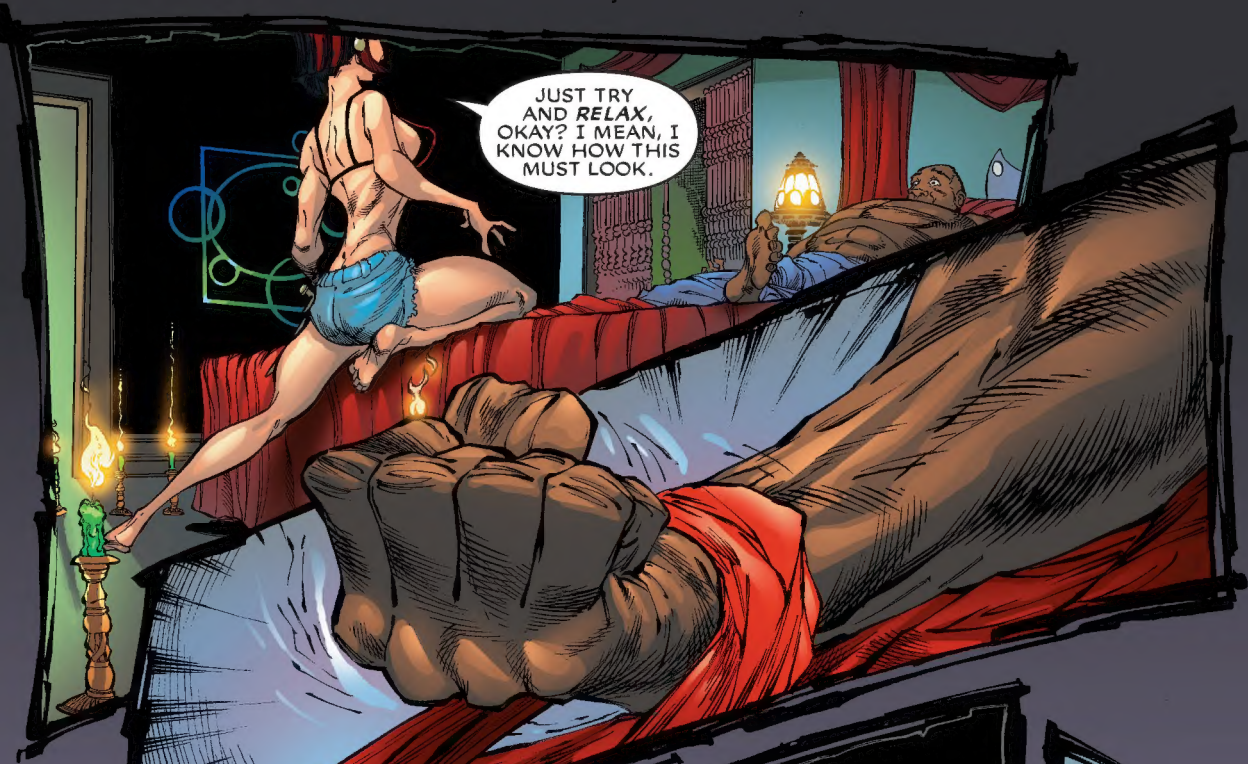




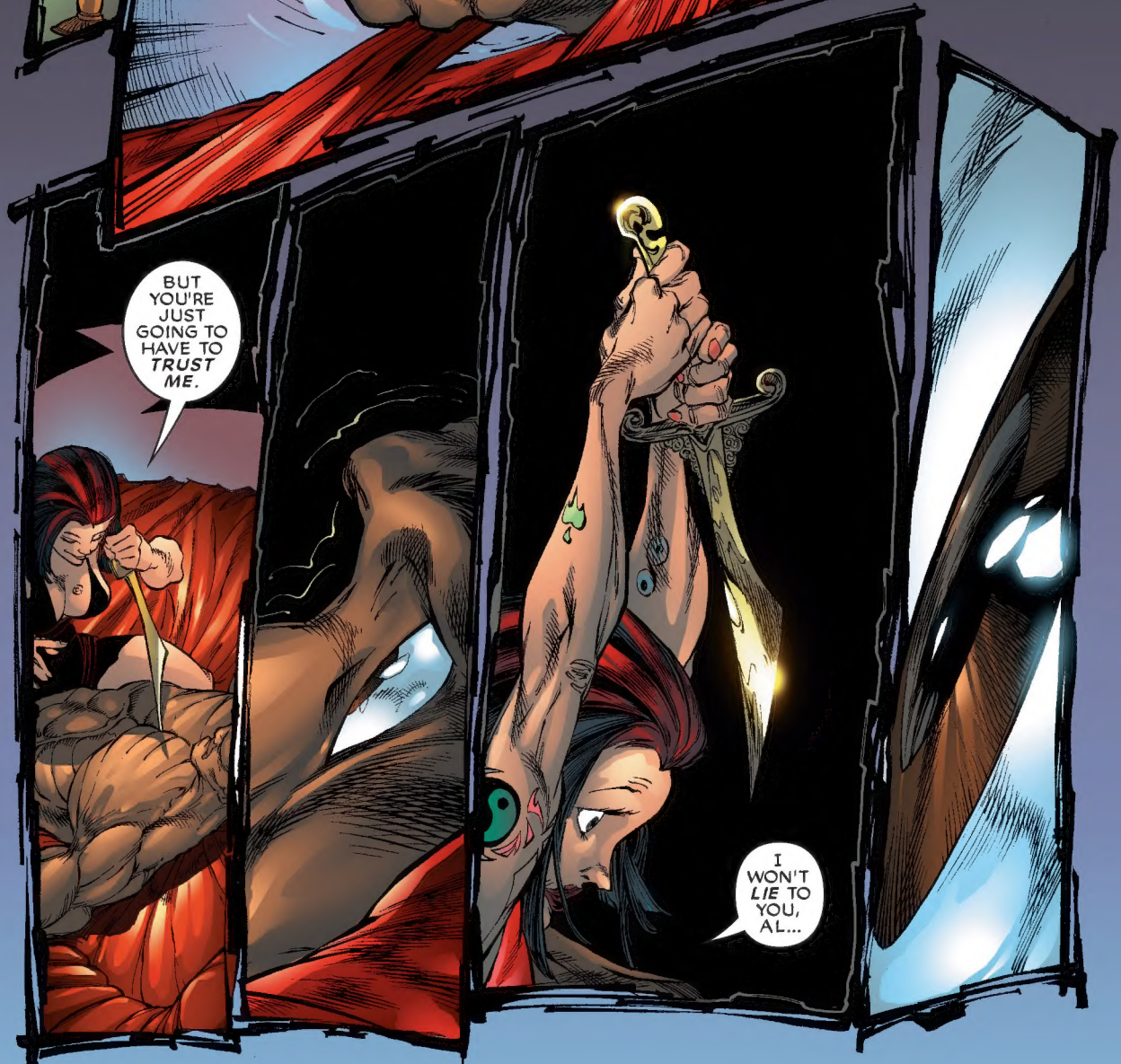
DON'T WORRY. YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK WHEN WE'RE DONE.

THE MOON'S AT ITS APOGEE.





JUST TRY
AND RELAX,
OKAY? I MEAN, I
KNOW HOW THIS
MUST LOOK.



BUT
YOU'RE
JUST
GOING TO
HAVE TO
TRUST
ME.

I
WON'T
LIE TO
YOU,
AL...



THIS IS
GOING
TO
HURT.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE